

# THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

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PAUL SEYMOUR,

PUBLISHER.

ADDRESS.

Of Influential Citizens of Montreal in Favor of Immediate Annexation to the United States.

TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA.

The number and magnitude of the evils that afflict our country, and the universal and increasing depression of its material interests, call upon all persons animated by a sincere desire for its welfare, to combine for the purpose of inquiry and preparation, with a view to the adoption of such remedies as a mature and dispassionate investigation may suggest.

Belonging to all parties, origins, and creeds, but yet agreed upon the advantage of co-operation for the performance of a common duty to ourselves and our country, growing out of a common necessity, we have consented, in view of a brighter and happier future, to merge in oblivion all past differences, of whatever character, or attributable to whatever source. In appealing to our Fellow-Canadians to unite with us in this, our most needful duty, we solemnly conjure them, as they desire a successful issue, and the welfare of their country, to enter upon the task, at this momentous crisis, in the same fraternal spirit.

The reversal of the ancient policy of Great Britain, whereby she withdrew from the Colonies their wanted protection in her markets, has produced the most disastrous effects upon Canada. In surveying the actual condition of the country, what but ruin or rapid decay meets the eye! Our Provincial Government and Civic Corporations embarrassed; our Banking and other securities greatly depreciated; our Mercantile and Agricultural interests alike unprosperous; real estate scarcely saleable upon any terms; our unrivaled Rivers, Lakes and Canals almost unused; while Commerce abandons our shores, the circulating capital amassed under a more favorable system, is dissipated, with none from any quarter to replace it!! Thus, without available capital, unable to effect a loan with Foreign States, or with the Mother Country, although offering security greatly superior to that which readily obtains money both from the United States and Great Britain, when other than Colonists are the applicants.—Crippled, therefore, and checked in the full career of private and public enterprise, this possession of the British Crown—our country—stands before the world in humiliating contrast with its immediate neighbors, exhibiting every symptom of a nation fast sinking to decay.

With superabundant water-power and cheap labor, especially in Lower Canada, we have yet no domestic manufactures; nor can the most sanguine, unless under altered circumstances, anticipate the home growth, or advent from foreign parts, of either capital or enterprise to embark in this great source of national wealth. Our institutions, unhappily, have not that impress of permanence which can alone impart security, and inspire confidence; and the Canadian market is too limited to tempt the foreign capitalist.

While the adjoining States are covered with a network of thriving railways, Canada possesses but three lines, which, together, scarcely exceed 50 miles in length, and the stock in two of which is held at a depreciation of from 50 to 80 per cent.—a fatal symptom of the torpor overgrowing the land.

Our present form of Provincial Government is cumbersome and so expensive as to be ill-suited to the country; and the necessary reference it demands to a distant Government, imperfectly acquainted with Canadian affairs, and somewhat indifferent to our interests, is anomalous and irksome.—Yet, in the event of a rupture between two of the most powerful nations of the world, Canada would become the battle field and the sufferer, however little her interests might be involved in the cause of quarrel or the issue of the contest.

The bitter animosities of political parties and factions in Canada, often leading to violence, and upon one occasion to civil war, seem not to have abated with time; nor is there, at the present moment, any prospect of diminution or accommodation. The aspect of parties becomes daily more threatening toward each other, and under our existing institutions and relations, little hope is discernible of a peaceful and prosperous administration of our affairs, but difficulties will, to all appearance, accumulate until Government becomes impracticable. In this view of our position, any course that may promise to efface existing party distinctions and place entirely new issues before the people, must be fraught with undeniable advantages.

Among the Statesmen of the Mother Country—among the sagacious observers of the neighboring Republic—in Canada—and all British North America—among all classes, there is a strong pervading conviction that a political revolution in this country is at hand. Such forebodings cannot readily be dispelled, and they have, moreover, a tendency to realize the events to which they point. In the meanwhile, serious injury results to Canada from the effect of this anticipation upon the more desirable class of settlers, who naturally prefer a country under fixed and permanent forms of government to one in a state of transition.

Having thus adverted to some of the causes of our present evils, we would consider how far the remedies ordinarily proposed possess sound and rational inducements to justify their adoption:

1. "The revival of Protection in the markets of the United Kingdom."

This, if attainable in a sufficient degree, and guaranteed for a long period of years, would ameliorate the condition of many of our chief interests, but the policy of the Empire forbids the anticipation. Beside, it would be but a partial remedy. The millions of the Mother Country demand cheap food; and a second change from Protection to Free Trade would complete that ruin, which the first has done so much to achieve.

II. "The Protection of Home Manufactures."

Although this might encourage the growth of a manufacturing interest in Canada, yet, without access to the United States market, there would not be a sufficient expansion of that interest, from the want of consumers, to work any result that could be admitted as a "remedy" for the numerous evils of which we complain.

III. "A Federal Union of the British American Provinces."

The advantages claimed for that arrangement are Free Trade between the different provinces, and a diminished governmental expenditure. The attainment of the latter object would be problematical, and the benefits anticipated from the former might be secured by legislation under our existing system. The markets of the sister provinces would not benefit our trade in timber, for they have a surplus of that article in their own forests; and their demand for agricultural products would be too limited to absorb our means of supply. Nor could Canada expect any encouragement to her manufacturing industry from those quarters. A Federal Union, therefore, would be no remedy.

IV. "The Independence of the British North American Colonies as a Federal Republic."

The consolidation of its new institutions from elements hitherto so discordant—the formation of treaties with Foreign Powers—the acquirement of a name and character among the nations—would, we fear, prove an over-match for the strength of the new Republic. And, having regard to the powerful confederacy of States continuous with itself, the needful military defenses would be too costly to render independence a boon, while it would not; any more than a Federal Union, remove those obstacles which retard our material prosperity.

V. "Reciprocal Free Trade with the United States, as respects the products of the farm, the forest, and the mine."

If obtained, this would yield but an installment of the many advantages which might be otherwise secured. The free interchange of such products would not introduce manufactures to our country. It would not give us the North American Continent for our market. It would neither so amend our institutions as to confer stability nor insure confidence in their permanence; nor would it allay the violence of parties, or, in the slightest degree, remedy many of our prominent evils.

VI. Of all the remedies that have been suggested for the acknowledged and insufferable ills with which our country is afflicted, there remains but one to be considered. It propounds a sweeping and important change in our political and social condition involving considerations which demand our most serious examination. This remedy consists in a "Friendly and Peaceful Separation from British Connection, and a Union upon equitable terms with the great North American Confederacy of Sovereign States."

We would premise that toward Great Britain we entertain none other than sentiments of kindness and respect. Without her consent we consider separation as neither practicable nor desirable. But the Colonial policy of the Parent State, the avowals of her leading Statesmen, the public sentiments of the Empire, pre-ent unalterable and significant indications of the appreciation of Colonial Connection. That is the resolve of England to invest us with the attributes, and to assume the burdens of Independence is no longer problematical. The threatened withdrawal of her troops from other Colonies—the continuance of her military protection to ourselves only on the condition that we shall defray the attendant expenditure, betoken intentions toward our country, against which its weakness in us not to provide. An overruling conviction, then, of its necessity, and a high sense of duty owe to our country, a duty we can neither disregard nor postpone, impel us to entertain the idea of separation; and whatever negotiations may ensue with Great Britain, a grateful liberality on the part of Canada should mark every proceeding.

The proposed Union would render Canada a field for American capital, into which it would enter as freely for the prosecution of public works and private enterprise as into any of the present States. It would equalize the value of real estate upon both sides of the boundary, thereby probably doubling at once the entire present value of property in Canada, while, by giving stability to our institutions, and introducing prosperity, it would raise our public, corporate, and private credit. It would increase our commerce both with the United States and foreign countries, and would not necessarily diminish, to any great extent, our intercourse with Great Britain, into which our products would, for the most part, enter on the same terms as at present. It would render our rivers and canals the highway for the immigration to, and exports from, the West, to the incalculable benefit of our country. It would also introduce manufactures into Canada as rapidly as they have been introduced into the Northern States; and to Lower Canada especially, where water privileges and labor are abundant and cheap, it would attract manufacturing capital, enhancing the value of property and agricultural produce, and giving remunerative employment to what is at present a comparatively non-producing population. Nor would the United States merely furnish the capital for our manufactures. They would also supply for them the most extensive market in the world, without the intervention of a Custom-House Officer. Railways would forthwith be constructed by American capital as feeders for all the great lines now approaching our frontiers; and railway enterprise, in general, would doubtless be as active and prosperous among us as among our neighbors. The value of our agricultural produce would be raised at once to a par with that of the United States, while agricultural implements and many of the necessities of life, such as tea, coffee and sugar, would be greatly reduced in price.

The value of our timber would also be greatly enhanced by free access to the American market, where it bears a high price, but is subject to an onerous duty. At the same time, there is every reason to believe that our shipholders, as well as our merchants on the Great Lakes, would find an unlimited market in all the ports of the

American Continent. It cannot be doubted that the shipping trade of the United States must greatly increase. It is equally manifest that, with them, the principal material in the construction of ships is rapidly diminishing, while we possess vast territories, covered with timber of excellent quality, which would be equally available as it now is, since under the Free Trade system our vessels would sell as well in England after Annexation as before.

The simple and economical State Government, in which direct responsibility to the people is a distinguishing feature, would be substituted for a system at once cumbersome and expensive.

In place of war and the alarms of war with a neighbor, there would be peace and amity between this country and the United States. Disagreements between the United States and her chief, if not only rival among nations, would not make the soil of Canada the sanguinary arena for their disputes, as under our existing relations must necessarily be the case. That state of the unenviable condition of our trade of dependence upon Great Britain is known to the whole world, and how far it may conduce to keep prudent capitalists from making investments in the country, or wealthy settlers from selecting a fore-doomed battle-field for the home of themselves and their children, it needs no reasoning on our part to elucidate.

But other advantages than those having a bearing on our material interests may be foretold. It would change the ground of political contest between races and parties, and obliterate those irritations and conflicts of rancor and recrimination which have hitherto disfigured our social fabric.—Already in anticipation has its harmonious influence been felt—the harbinger, may it be hoped, of a lasting oblivion of dissensions among all classes, creeds and parties in the country. Changing a subordinate for an independent condition, we would take our station among the nations of the earth. We have now no voice in the affairs of the Empire, nor do we share in its honors or emoluments. England is our Parent State, with whom we have no equality, but toward whom we stand in the simple relation of obedience. But as citizens of the United States the public service of the nation would be open to us—a field for high and honorable distinction on which we and our posterity might enter on terms of perfect equality.

Nor would the amicable separation of Canada from Great Britain be fraught with advantages to us alone. The relief to the Parent State from the large expenditure now incurred in the military occupation of the country—the removal of the many causes of collision with the United States, which result from the contiguity of mutual territories so extensive—the benefit of the larger market which the increasing prosperity of Canada would create, are considerations which, in the minds of many of her ablest statesmen, render our incorporation with the United States a desirable consummation.

To the United States also the annexation of Canada presents many important inducements. The withdrawal from their borders of so powerful a nation, by whom in time of war the immense and growing commerce of the Lakes would be jeopardized—the ability to dispense with the costly but ineffectual revenue establishment over a frontier of many hundred miles—the large accession to their income from our Customs—the unrestricted use of the St. Lawrence, the natural highway from the Western States to the ocean, are objects for the attainment of which the most substantial equivalents would undoubtedly be conceded.

FELLOW-COLONISTS: We have thus laid before you our views and convictions on a momentous question—involving a change, which, though contemplated by many of us, varied feelings and emotions, we all believe to be inevitable—one which it is our duty to provide for, and lawfully to promote.

We address you without prejudice or partiality, in the spirit of sincerity and truth—in the interest solely of our common country and our single aim is its safety and welfare. If to your judgment and reason our object and aim be at this time deemed laudable and right, we ask an oblivion of past dissensions, and from all, without distinction of origin, party, or creed, that earnest and cordial co-operation in such lawful, prudent, and judicious means as may best conduce to our common destiny.

John Torrance, Jacob De Witt, MPP.; J. Redpath, John Molson, David Torrance, Wm. Workman, D. L. Macpherson, Thos. B. Anderson, L. H. Holton, J. G. Mackenzie, Robert Mackay, Benj. Holmes, MPP.; David Kinross, John Rose, QC; John Glas, Charles Bockus, Edward Giff, Penny, S. Jones Lyman, Benjamin Brewer, Jos. Ostell, R. Corne, Jason C. Pierce, Joseph Knapp, William Murray, Edward Way, John Frothingham, Sabrevious De Benry, S. Basse, Alex. Bryson, A. McDonald, H. Bagge, W. D. Lindsay, N. B. Corne, Henry Chapman, William Muir, Charles Phillips, John Monk, W. Molson, Louis Boyer, Jean Brudeau, W. Gemmill, Edward Maitland, Benjamin Hart, Tully, John Bell, John M. Tobin, Edwin Atwater, Robert Anderson, Benj. Workman, H. L. Routh, F. G. Johnson, QC; John Orr, M. McCall, MD., Abner Bagge, Louis Blanchard, Thomas Forsyth, John Yule, Jr., John Carter, Thomas Peck, P. W. Deane, George Perry, (Coburg), John Fisher, Sydney Jones, J. B. Torry, J. F. Cowell, Michael Kelly, James R. Orr, John Henderson, John Mathewson, Robert Esdaile, Theodore Lyman, J. W. Torrance, John McGillis, Wm. McDougall, Robert Morton, Thomas Rechen, R. U. Jones, Alexander Urquhart, James Pater, Noah Shaw, Jas. Halderne, M. Buck, James C. Beers, Charles Alexander, Robert Graham, A. W. Atwater, C. Seymour, Robert Mills, Walter McFarlane, C. Gallagher, S. H. Day, Joseph Ryan, James Benny, John Sutherland, James Dunn, John Kain, Alexander Murphy, Peter Dunn, James Ferrier, Jr., David Ferguson, G. D. Ferrier, Archd. Ferguson, David Paton, Edward Macdonald, Wm. Hutchinson, Jas. Morrison, Thomas M. Taylor, Alex. McDonald, Adam Stevenson, Jas. Barnard, Peter Redpath, James Torrance, John Kay, W. C. Evans, Robert Campbell, J. H. Springle, John Boyd, A. Wilson, Saml. Craig, Joseph C. Price, Wm. Todd, Saml.

Benjamin, Alfred Savage, James Hutton, John Gordon, Chas. Geddes, Dugald Stewart, S. S. McCraig, G. Easton, Norman S. Frost, Thos. Gorton, James Harvey, John Kerr, J. A. Perkins, S. E. Gregory, Samuel Mathewson, James Patton, Donald Ross, John Sinclair, Wm. Stephen, Wm. Wilson, John Whyte, John Leeming, Benj. Lyman, J. N. Hall, J. Esdaile, H. Mulholland, Neil McIntosh, Robert Chalmers, Chas. Chalmers, Thos. Workman, John McArthur, James Scott, Jr., Theodore Hart, Henry Lyman, E. C. Tuttle, A. Lesperance, Thomas McGrath, Walter Charles, L. Fortier.

[We have not room for the rest of the names.—N. Y. Tribune.]

Abolition of Slavery in the French Colonies. The Secretary of the Society, in communicating the following information, thus writes:—"Having obtained access to official documents connected with the abolition of slavery in the French colonies, I send for the Reporter the notes I have made upon, and the extracts I have taken from them, which, no doubt, will interest its readers."

POPULATION OF THE FRENCH COLONIES.

Colonies	Free	Slaves
Martinique (1846)	47,232	73,239
Guadeloupe	40,429	73,239
Bourbon	45,512	62,151
Reunion	45,512	62,151
St. Pierre	14,836	7,698
St. Martin	3,465	2,410
St. Mary (Malgas)	9,421	10,113
Senegal (1845)	100,011	217,065

The number of slaves in Algiers was estimated at 10,000. In the other dependencies of France—viz., Pondicherry, Karikal, Yansong, Chandernagor, Mahe, Mayotte, Miguelon, and St. Pierre, it is said there were no slaves.

PRINCIPLES ON WHICH EMANCIPATION WAS BASED.

The Commission appointed by the Provisional Government to prepare the necessary measures in connection with the abolition of slavery, state, in their report, that they could accept no modification of the principle of immediate emancipation, which they regarded as an "imperious duty," but that it was necessary to adopt measures, in order that "the great act of reparation should be performed in a manner the most useful to those who had been the victims of the crime of slavery." In drafting the Act of Emancipation, the Commission says:—"Considering slavery to be a crime against humanity; that, in destroying the personality of men, it destroys the fundamental principle of right and duty; and that it is a flagrant violation of the republican doctrine—Liberty, equality, and fraternity, it is decreed that slavery shall be entirely abolished in all the French colonies and possessions, two months after the promulgation of the decree, and that, in the meantime, all corporal punishments, and the sale of persons, not free, shall be absolutely interdicted."

We need not enter into details, beyond recording the fact that the National Assembly ratified the decree of the Provisional Government of 1848, and that, now, every portion of French territory throughout the world is free from the curse of slavery.

A. S. Reporter.

Illustration of American Slavery.

SLAVE AUCTION IN NEW ORLEANS.

Abolitionists are accused of oversteating and coloring the worst features of the peculiar institution, and thereby exciting the feelings of freemen against it. How much this is the case may be learned from the following description of a slave auction by one who confesses himself to be "interested in the slave business." This account is sufficiently light and flippant, no doubt—marvellously so—considering the fearful enormity of the crime, one of whose most detestable manifestations it professes to describe; but, if one interested is compelled to do this to give his impressions, hiding and smoothing over, as he evidently does, very much of what he witnessed, may we not with justice entertain the suspicion that the most "rabid abolitionist" who has yet attempted to portray such scenes, has utterly failed, from the mere inadequacy of language, to convey to his readers anything more than a very shadowy and indistinct conception of the reality?

"Have you ever been to the slave market?" asked my friend Harris, as he took my arm and walked with me through Camp street. I answered, "No," so we entered Bank's Arcade. We observed a sign hanging out, with "Slaves for Sale" pointed on it; and along the front of the store, sitting on benches, exposed to the gaze of the purchaser and the curious, were the objects of our search. Some of them were large and strong negroes, black as your hat. These were the field or plantation hands—carmen or draymen. "This slim mulatto man is a barber," said the slave-dealer, who, observing we were strangers, stopped us, anxious to display and dispose of his property—that they are property, is never questioned in this latitude. "But," continued the dealer, "he's a first-rate waiter for an hotel or a steam boat." A little farther along sat some females—strong, burly wenches, for farm work, washing, or heavy house-work; near by, several good-looking yellow girls, with fair, straight, black hair, pearly teeth, fresh and animated countenances. Some were engaged in conversation—some occupied themselves with sewing or knitting. They are nurses, seamstresses, or waiting-maids. In the squad were some of all ages and colors, from the child at the breast to the middle-aged man and father.

"It was a sale day—so we entered the auction building. Beard and Calhoun were the auctioneers. On a platform near the door stood the slaves to be sold; and the auctioneer, as he cried and discoursed of their separate merits, walked up and down in the rear, so as to not interfere with the sight of them. It did not require Mr. Beard to talk long, before we knew, by the manner in which he worried the V's and W's, that he is neither a native, nor to the manner born."

"The first lot I have to offer you to-day," said Mr. B., "is a family from a plantation—father, mother, and five children; what will you give me for the lot, for they must be sold together?"—How kind of him. "They are fully guaranteed, and sold under good characters. Dick, the father, aged thirty-five years, a leading man on the plantation; his wife, aged thirty-one years, cotton picker; Charles, twelve years; William, ten years; Thomas, seven years; Betsy, ten years; Maria, five years; and I am only offered two thousand dollars for the whole family!" They were eventually sold to a planter for 2,500 dollars.

"The next offered was Hermine, a pretty mulattress, about seventeen years old. 'She is,' said the auctioneer, 'a good seamstress and hair-dresser, raised in one family, and bears a good character.' The girl could scarcely withstand the rude gaze of the bidders and idlers, and turned her head aside, when Mr. B. ordered her to face about and look at the audience. A slave-dealer stepped up and requested her to open her mouth, which she did, and he examined her teeth in the same manner a jockey would a horse—he felt her breasts and shoulders with all the gusto of a connoisseur. But the slave dealer did not get her, for a California adventurer became her purchaser, for the sum of 690 dollars.

"The next subject was the griffe man, Patrick, aged twenty years, 'a very likely man,' said Mr. B., 'having a good character—a good barber and house servant, fully guaranteed against the vices and maladies prescribed by law—(what they were we did not learn)—and is only sold because his mistress has just got married.' The biddings at this stage of the proceedings grew faint and languid, and as the indifference of the auditors increased, the red faced auctioneer became excited and wrathful. He was not very choice in the selection of the epithets he liberally bestowed indiscriminately upon the motley group before him. 'You either don't want to buy, or you are all a set of fools,' said Mr. B., 'and if you have nothing else to do than stand and gape at me, I have,' and seating his actions to his words, he stepped from the platform, beckoned to his clerk, and walked off. This ended the sale. Patrick sold for 750 dollars.

"I may not render myself liable to the imputation of pandering to sectional prejudices, or of treating a serious and unfortunate occurrence with too much levity, I would merely add, that I am personally and peculiarly interested in the 'slave business'—but with its extension and propagation by others meets with no favor from me."

Phil. Sun

The Negro Question in the Island of Cuba.

The following extraordinary statement respecting the slave-trade still carried on between the island of Cuba and Africa, we find in the last number of *La Verdad*, a Spanish paper, published in New York. We beg all who have been imposed upon by the professions of hostility recently made by the Cuban authorities, and circulated in part, no doubt, by designing persons in the Northern States, to give this a careful perusal.

"The negro question in the island of Cuba.—The speeches pronounced in the Spanish Cortes, in the discussion of the penal law, about the clandestine trade of African negroes, are still resounding in our ears; the ink with which they are printed is still fresh—some voices are still heard affirming that the slave trade is at an end; when we see all the promises of the Government belied, and walking in the streets of Havana the clumsy negroes still imported by the Negro Company residing at Madrid, presided over by Donna Maria Christina of Bourbon, and represented here by Don Antonio Parejo, Don Manuel Pastor, and others concerned in the continuation of that abominable trade in human flesh, against which civilized nations have protested.

"During these four months, 2,400 negroes have been introduced, and other shipments belonging to the Company are expected who have purchased on the coast of Africa 10,000 negroes, at \$50 dollars each, and the sale of whom all over the island is to produce to the Company a great profit; if the price of 350 dollars is considered, which is the price fixed for each negro, the lot being ten and upwards. So lucrative is the business, that Mr. Pastor, as actual syndic of the Committee of Encouragement (Junta de Fomento), the most part of which consist of men of these very same ideas, invited the corporation to manifest to its President the imperious necessity of introducing negro slaves from Brazil, contemporaneously decreeing, that it was indispensable to adopt severe measures, whereby the Asiatic and Yucatan colonies should be compelled to work.

"The Count of Alcoy, who cannot look with indifference either at the interest of his patroness, Donna Maria Christina, or at his own, wishing to give vigor to the proceeding by asking a consultation of the pretorial audience, required the latter to inform him, whether or not it would be a violation of the treaties made in 1817 and 1835, and of the last penal law, to admit into the island negro slaves imported from Brazil; to which they answered, as it was to be expected, in conformity with the opinion of their attorney, Olaneta, that it was no violation of the treaties; this being consistent with the other information which was asked of them by the Count of Lucena (O'Donnell), when he intended to introduce 40,000 from Africa, whose vast project could not be realized on account of his being relieved; which circumstance deprived him of 120,000 Spanish gold doubloons, at the rate of three doubloons per head, which was the sum which he had fixed upon as immutable.

"Those previous facts show clearly that the Government has regarded as an indispensable necessity the introduction of negro slaves in the island, and by introducing them as imported from Brazil, it does not infringe on the treaties with England, to which at all events an answer will be made containing the same data and observation collected in that celebrated record which must already be in the hands of the Duchess of Alizares."

Origin and Progress of Normal Schools.

A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, gives a sketch of the history of Normal Schools, drawn from the most reliable authorities. From this we learn that the First Teachers' Seminary of which there is any account, is that opened by Franke, the founder of the celebrated orphan-house at Halle, as early as the year 1704. Another was established at Stettin, Pomerania, in 1739. These institutions were productive of great good in their sphere, and served as precursors of better times which were not fully to appear until the dawn of a new century.

In an account of the schools of Prussia, it is stated that as the standard of education rose under the efforts of Frederic the 2d, at the close of his long wars, the value of Normal schools became apparent.—"Teaching was found to be an art of great

difficulty, only to be acquired by long practice, and special preparation. These important and rapid improvements were confined to the instruction of the higher classes of society, till the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Pestalozzi began his great work in Switzerland. He was the first to raise teaching to an art based on a knowledge of human nature." His great invention was prevented from perishing at his death, being perpetuated by Fellenberg, and also being transplanted in several other parts of Europe. In 1809, Fellenberg organized his Normal school, and forty-two teachers of the canton of Berne came together and received gratuitous instruction in the art of teaching. So great was their zeal, that on finding the establishment was not large enough to receive them, they were contented to lodge in tents. Even the Emperor of Russia, a few years afterwards, sent several pupils to Fellenberg with a view to introducing a better system of instruction among his people.

Afterwards a Normal school was established at St. Petersburg. The educational reform in Prussia, properly commenced with the establishment of Normal schools. A leading principle of the system adopted, was that "extensive" knowledge, sound sense, and a profound acquaintance with human nature, must be combined in the teacher. His habits must be formed by practice, and experience must give him a certain tact, without which the best endeavors will be useless. So powerfully has this system commended itself to all enlightened men, that not only have these seminaries for teachers been constantly increasing within the last ten years in Prussia, in Saxony, and in the west and south-west of Germany; but most of the enlightened governments of Europe have followed the example.

Out of Prussia, the plan was first adopted in Holland. The celebrated Normal school of Mr. Trinsen, was established at Haarlem in 1810; and it is now acknowledged by all that common school education has been reformed and immeasurably advanced throughout that enlightened country, by the influence of that school.

In 1835, Normal schools were adopted in France, as one of the main features in the great governmental measure in behalf of common schools. Mr. Mann mentions the interesting fact, that a Normal school was established at Versailles, occupying the very site, and some of the buildings that were the dog-kennels of Louis XIV., and his royal successors.

Scotland was not slow to discover the advantages of the preparation of teachers. That country has one such school at Edinburgh, and one at Glasgow, besides the Madras college at St. Andrews, which exercises the double function of giving a classical education, and preparing teachers for schools.

In Ireland, the National Board of Education has established an excellent and extensive Normal school at Dublin, one thousand pounds having been given to the object by Lord Morpeth.

In England, several Normal schools have sprung up under the auspices of private individuals and societies, the government having limited its efforts to the bestowment of aid upon the institutions thus established.

In Belgium three Normal schools were established in 1843.

In regard to a system of means specifically designed to qualify teachers for common schools, New York made earlier movements than any other State on this side of the Atlantic. In 1835 a teachers' department was grafted upon one academy in each of the Senatorial districts of that State. The sum of \$500 was given to each of these academies for the purchase of apparatus and a library, and also the further sum of \$400 to pay the salary of an instructor. In 1840 the State Normal school was established at Albany.

In 1838, Mr. Edmund Dwight, of Boston, offered to the Educational Board of Massachusetts, the sum of \$10,000, to be expended in the qualification of teachers of Common Schools, provided the State would devote an equal sum to the same purpose. His proposition was accepted, and in the course of a few years three Normal schools were established in that State. Several other States of our Union have had this subject under consideration, but we do not learn that any of them have yet consummated their measures so far as to have Normal schools in actual operation.

WOMEN IN RUSSIA.—A gentleman who went out to Russia with Maj. Whistler, on Railroad affairs, and has recently returned, informs the writer, that in a very important branch of education and usefulness, the Russian women are somewhat in advance of the American. They participate in the duties of the Medical profession, by managing the department of obstetric practice—a vocation for which some pretend to think our women are, and must continue to be incompetent.

The gentleman, during his ten years' residence there, principally in St. Petersburg, had occasion to employ an attendant for his lady; and with his American ideas, of what was necessary to safety, he applied to a medical man of eminence to officiate. The physician laughed at him, and remarked that his attendance would be entirely superfluous, and he should feel somewhat out of his sphere; but he would refer him to a professional woman, for whose ability and skill he would be responsible.

Institutions are provided by the government for the qualification of these females. Their education and practice are under judicious regulations; and they are employed by all, from the Empress to the wife of the serf. The gentleman remarked, that having become enlightened in reference to this matter during his residence abroad, he felt a deep interest in the subject, and was very happy to find, on his return, that measures were in progress to supply educated female practitioners among us. He accordingly contributed something to the Society for promoting the object.—Correspondent of the Boston Traveller.

BAPTIST FEMALE COLLEGE IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The Biblical Recorder says:—"Among the subjects that will probably claim the attention of the ensuing Baptist State Convention at Oxford, will be the establishment of a Female Institution of a high order, similar to the one established by our Methodist brethren at Greensboro, N. C. Such an institution is imperiously demanded by the wants of our denomination.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

MEETING OF THE PRUSSIAN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Parker says: "The meeting of the Prussian Baptist Association has just closed. This session was the second; the first gave rise to the great meeting at Hamburg in January last. There are three Associations in Germany. They meet annually, and altogether in three years. The recent meeting was one of great interest, as many fundamental questions were discussed which had agitated the churches, and some of which had been discussed but not settled at the previous meeting in Hamburg. At that meeting Articles of faith were framed which were adopted by most of the churches. All the churches now in the General Convention are pretty well agreed, and the members sound in the faith, and correct in practice. There was, as might be supposed, some disposition to legislate for the churches. This I resisted strongly, and the end was an entire agreement to what I suggested, sound principles. The Sabbath, Fest-days, open communion, the obligations of vows of marriage made before regeneration, the necessity of the public performance of the ceremony, the discipline of the church, the cause of missions to the heathen, the means of supplying the wants of the field in Germany, all were under consideration, all elicited considerable discussion, and were in conclusion settled on correct principles. Bro. Ocken was detained from the meeting by an illness, of which I believe I have written you. Bro. Lehmann was chairman, and the rest, except brethren Kolner and Gulaus, were earnestly desirous to obey the commands of God. The Scriptures are truly their guide. All had, with them their Testaments to which they constantly referred."—Macedonian.

WANT OF MISSIONARIES.—Prof. B. B. Edwards, of the Theological Seminary at Andover, has sent to the N. Y. Observer a statement, explanatory of the alleged deficiency of the missionary spirit in that Institution, as it was presented to the American Board at Pittsfield. We make the following extracts from his communication:—"In the class which has just graduated, 28 in number, three, and without much doubt, six, about one-fourth, will labor in the West as missionaries. A seventh was prevented by ill health from becoming a foreign missionary. Of the class of 1828, 26 in number, eight, almost one-third are missionaries, two foreign and six in Iowa, Wisconsin and Missouri. In the class of 1843, 28 in number, twelve, nearly one-half, are missionaries, six domestic and six foreign.

The dearth of candidates for the missionary field is easily accounted for. It is in the dearth of theological students. Look at the facts. In the seminaries connected with the Presbyterians and Congregationalists in New York and New England, the number of students has diminished in eight years, from 500 to 300, forty per cent. The number assisted by the American Education Society during the last year, was three hundred and twenty-six. In 1835, the same Society aided one thousand and forty. Can any one fail to see what the cause is of the want of foreign missionaries? A liberal patronage of Education Societies is the only way to obtain an adequate supply.

BAPTISTS IN ENGLAND, WALES AND IRELAND.—The Baptist Manual, for a copy of which we are indebted to Rev. Dr. Snow, gives the following summary of the Baptists in England, Wales and Ireland. In England the number of churches is 1,449, of which 739 are in associations, and 1,013 belong to the Union.—247 of these churches exhibit a diminution, 164 are without increase, and 866 have added to their number. The total clear increase in all these churches is 3,017. The number of village stations is 1,279, and the number of Sunday School scholars is 126,338.

Wales has 322 churches, embracing in all 20,794 members, exhibiting a net increase for the year of 1,001, and 17,799 Sunday School scholars.

Ireland has but 33 churches, having 747 members, showing an increase of 114; Sunday School scholars 598.—Watchman & Reflector.

AGRICULTURE.

The cultivation of the Tea Plant, which was undertaken by Mr. Junius Smith, near Greenfield, South Carolina, in 1848, has so far proved highly successful. In the fall of 1848 about five hundred plants were received from China, via London, and in December they were planted in his garden.—A considerable quantity of tea seed was planted at the same time. Notwithstanding the severe winter and spring, the plants, which were left to take care of themselves, were unharmed, and are now in a flourishing condition. Several specimens of green and black plant are in the bud. The Tea Plant buds one year, but does not fruit till the next. Next year, Mr. Smith expects to pick tea, although his great object for some time to come, will be to increase the quantity of his plants.



1947







# LITERARY EXAMINER.

Glenn.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Another hand is beckoning on,  
Another call is given;  
And glows once more with angel steps  
The path which reaches Heaven.

One young and gentle friend whose smile  
Made brighter summer hours,  
And the frost of autumn time  
Has left us with the flowers.

No piling of the cheek of bloom  
Forewarned us of decay,  
No shadow on the smiling hand,  
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down  
As smoke behind the hill;  
The glory of a setting star—  
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed—  
Eternal as the stars;  
And like the brook's low song her voice—  
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she heeded not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to Heaven a shining one  
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew;  
And good thoughts where her footsteps  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindred deeds  
Were in her very look;  
We read her face as one who reads  
A true and holy book.

The pleasure of a blessed hymn  
To which our hearts could move,  
The breathing of an inward pain,  
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer  
And by the hearth's fire's light;  
We pause beside her door to hear  
Once more her sweet "Good night."

There seems a shadow in the day  
Her smile no longer cheers,  
A dimness on the stars of night  
Like eyes that look through tears.

Aloft our Father's will  
Our thoughts have been recalled;  
That He whose love exceeds ours  
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts, and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who trembled here  
Distracted all her powers,  
May welcome to her holier home  
The well-beloved of ours.

From Fraser's Magazine.

Madame Recamier.

The position occupied by Madame Recamier in French Society, and the influence which she exercised over it, entitle her to be considered as one of the most remarkable persons of our age. At the same time, to those who did not enjoy the happiness of her acquaintance, the secret of the influence of which we speak, and to which there has been nothing equal in recent times, must, unless the cause of it be explained, remain in mystery. I have so frequently been asked by her countrymen and my own, in what the fascination of Madame Recamier consisted—how it was that after the loss of fortune, youth, and beauty, she still retained an unquestioned and unequalled empire over men's minds—that I venture to attempt some explanation of the problem. For society, and above all the female part of it, has no slight interest in the matter.

My first impression and my latest conviction with regard to Madame Recamier were the same; they furnished me with one invariable answer to all the questions I have been asked about her. It was the atmosphere of benignity which seemed to exhale like a delicate perfume from her whole person, that prolonged the fascination of her beauty. It was her heart rather than her head, that inspired her with the faculty of animating, guiding, harmonizing, the society over which she presided, with a quiet resistless power, the secret of which was with herself. Madame Recamier was by no means a talker, nor was I ever struck by her talents or acquisitions. She seldom said much; and it was only on an attentive study that one perceived how much of the charm and value of the conversation was due to her gentle influence, never asserted yet always felt. It would be a mistake, nay, a disparagement, to imagine that she attracted round her such a circle of distinguished men by the brilliancy of her conversation. It was the ineffable charm of the sweetest and kindest of tempers; the strongest desire to give pleasure, to avert pain, to avoid offence, to render her society agreeable and soothing to all its members, to enable everybody to present himself in the most favorable light—it was the suavity, the refined humanity of her nature, that gave grace to all her acts and gestures; that rendered her beauty irresistible in youth, and the charm of her manner scarcely less powerful in age.

It is not, therefore, the sermon so often preached over the grave of beauty—that it is transient and probable—that we would fain pour into fair and youthful ears.—Those who cannot see that most obvious and salient of truths, and upon whom the sight does not force some serious reflections, are far beyond the reach of words. Neither are we at all inclined to assert the well-worn falsehood, so often told by the very men whose whole life belies it, that beauty is of no value. Beauty, like any other power, is one of the great gifts of God, who has so constituted man that he is, and ever must be, its subject, often its slave. It is the highest and the most intoxicating of all powers, for it is at its zenith when the reason is yet unripe; it is attained without toil or sacrifice, and held without responsibility. It is, then, not by derring or depreciating so mighty a gift that any good can be done. The consciousness of her triumphs, (unknown, perhaps, to any but herself,) will speak louder to the possessor of beauty, than any attempts of ours to depreciate their value.

But what may perhaps be done, at least where beauty is combined with tolerable understanding, is to show its high vocation, and its sweet influences on social life; to point to the withered, heartless, and spiteful coquette, whose beauty survives only in her own memory, and to her own torment, and then to Madame Recamier, old and blind, surrounded with such respectful admiration, such affectionate and almost enthusiastic devotion, as few indeed of the young and brilliant can command.

Such then as hers, we would say, fair creatures, is the sceptre which He who made you fair has placed within your reach. Would you obtain it? He, too, has taught you the means—first by the law of your woman's nature, which He has written on your heart; secondly, by that other divine law which He has given you in His word. You are, if you are true-born women, gentle, kind, and loving, anxious to please, and fearful to offend. If you are Christian women, you are meek and lowly of heart, full of pity and charity, of good-will manifested in kindly words and benevolent works. Let these things be added to your beauty, and see, in the example before us, how enduring is its empire!

It is true that Mme. Recamier was gifted with a corporeal grace, which is not to be acquired, and which admirably seconded the grace of soul that inspired her lovely person. This was striking to the last. Even when bowed by age, and moving about with the uncertain step and gait of the blind, this did not forsake her. There was a gentleness and suavity in all her movements that excited admiration, even in the midst of the tender pity she excited. It is probable that the impression she made on me was stronger and more beautiful in her age and darkness, than it would have been had I seen her in the pride of her beauty and the triumph of her charms.—It is certain that those who had known her in the plenitude of her power never forgot her, and that the attachments she inspired ended only with life.

At the time that I became a resident in Paris, I heard that Mme. Recamier had ceased to receive strangers. Her sight, afterwards completely extinguished, was already dimmed; her health was extremely delicate, and, as she afterwards told me with her gentle smile, she did not care to have people come only to look at the once beautiful Mme. Recamier. I had, therefore, not the smallest hope of seeing a person concerning whom I felt so much curiosity and interest, and it was with equal surprise and pleasure that I accepted the kind permission of her niece, Mme. Lenormant, to accompany her one evening to the Abbaye aux Bois. From that time I became as frequent a visitor as all the obstacles interposed by great distance, health, weather, and occupation, would allow me.

For a long time before her death (says Mme. Lenormant) she had ceased to make visits, but her salon was open every day before and after dinner. Before dinner (from three to six) was particularly devoted to M. de Chateaubriand. Every day, without fail, he came at three, and did not go till six. During the last two years, his *salet de chambre* and another servant brought him into the room in his armchair.

M. de Chateaubriand had entirely lost the use of his legs. When I first saw him his very elegant head wore no appearance of illness; he was still a singularly handsome old man, but it was evident that he suffered morally as well as physically from an infirmity which exhibited him in so helpless a state. Even then, M. de Chateaubriand spoke little, and often appeared to take little part in the conversation. He spoke to me occasionally of England; and in a foreboding tone. He did not like the reform-bill; he argued no good from free trade agitation, and seemed to fear that we were on a declivity. Considering the state of his health and spirits, and the nature of his political opinions, this was to be expected. His appearance and manner were those of the most perfect breeding and courtesy. M. de Chateaubriand was the principal person in the group which formed itself round Mme. Recamier, and the object of the utmost respect and attention. There was something imposing in his silence and in his high-bred air, which well fitted him for the place he filled.

Those (says Mme. Lenormant) who have seen them during the last two years, who have seen Mme. Recamier, blind, but retaining the sweetness and brilliancy of her eyes, surrounding the illustrious friend whose age had extinguished his memory, with cares so delicate, so tender, so watchful, have seen her joy when she helped him to snatch a momentary distraction from the conversation which passed around him, by leading it to subjects connected with that remote past which still lingered in his memory—those persons will never forget the scene; for they could not help being deeply affected with pity and respect at the sight of that noble beauty, brilliancy and genius, bending beneath the weight of age, and sheltered by such ingenious tenderness by the sacred friendship of a woman who forgot her own infirmities in the endeavor to lighten his.

Mme. Lenormant is right in saying that it is impossible to forget this touching scene. How distinctly is she now before me, as she seized my hand, on one of my latest visits to the Abbaye aux Bois, and said rapidly in her sweet low voice, "Do not speak to him; talk across him!" At that time he had sunk into almost unbroken silence, but she never gave up the chance that conversation might afford him a momentary amusement.

It is characteristic of Mme. Recamier's unselfish nature, that after the operation for cataract had proved unsuccessful, and she had to resign herself to hopeless darkness, she remarked that an infirmity which was inconvenient only to herself was the one which she could most easily submit to. I remember on one occasion when I called on her, and she fancied that she had neglected some act of courtesy, she said, with her sweet smile, and as if excusing herself, "Il est si incommode d'être aveugle." As if the chief value of sight was the power it gives of ministering to the pleasure of others!

Next on the list of those who daily assembled about Mme. Recamier, was the venerable and amiable Bailleuche—that incomparable friend, who from the moment he beheld her devoted his life to her. Nobody who knew M. Bailleuche can forget him, or can remember any one like him.—He realized all one's conception of the simplicity, serenity, and benevolence of a Christian philosopher. Nothing could be more engaging, nothing more venerable than his manner. Even his ugliness had something singularly attractive. He inspired love, confidence, and respect, in a degree rarely indeed united.

Whilst he was engaged in the composition of *Antigone*, (says another of the illustrious group of devoted friends, M. J. J. Ampere, in his *Memoire de M. Bailleuche*), poetry appeared to him under an enchanting form. He became acquainted with her, of whom he said, that the charm of her presence had laid his sorrows to sleep; who, after being the soul of his most elevated and delicate inspirations, became in later years the providence of every moment of his life, down to that final one, when she came to take her seat by the death-bed of the faithful friend so deeply lamented.

M. Ampere quotes the following passage from a letter of M. Bailleuche to Mme. Recamier.

Yes, you are the Antigone of my dreams; your destiny is not like yours, but the elevated soul, the generous heart, the genius of devotedness, are the features of your character. I was only beginning *Antigone* when you appeared to me at Lyons, and God only knows how large a share you have in the portrait of that noble woman!

Antiquity is far from having furnished me all the materials for it; the ideal was revealed to me by you. I shall explain in these things one day; I choose the world to know that so perfect a creature was not created by me.

And again, at a later age, he says: If my name survives me, which appears more and more probable, I shall be called the philosopher of the Abbaye aux Bois, and my philosophy will be considered as inspired by you. Remember that it was only through Euryclea that Orpheus had any true mission to his brother men; and remember, too, that Euryclea was a marvellous vision. The dedication of the *Polignone* will explain all this to posterity. This thought is one of my joys. I believe that I am now entering on the last stage of my life; this stage may be prolonged for some time, but I know well what it is at the end of it. I shall fall asleep in the bosom of a great hope, and full of confidence in the thought that your memory and mine will live the same life.

I have been the more desirous to enlarge on this part of Mme. Recamier's life, because it illustrates what I have so often remarked, the incomparable tenderness and constancy of the French in Friendship.—How the vulgar notion of the instability of French friendship arose, I cannot guess.—Nobody can have lived among them without seeing instances of devotedness to which we can offer no parallel. If it be thought that I am exaggerating, let anybody show me here in England an example of a woman who has neither youth nor beauty, fortune, nor what is called connection, living in a most remote and inconvenient spot, and going nowhere, whose modest *salon* is the daily resort of five or six among the most eminent men in the country, and the frequent resort of a great number of distinguished men and women.

And Mme. Recamier, however supreme, was far from being alone in this respect.—I could mention other houses in Paris where a faithful band assembled, with nearly equal punctuality around the friend of many years. Were it permitted to speak of one's self, my own experience would suffice to prove the steadiness, warmth, and devotedness of French friendship; but I shall have another example of it to cite among the friends of Mme. Recamier.

In the month of June, 1847, M. Bailleuche, whose health was very infirm, was attacked with inflammation of the lungs. During the eight days his illness lasted, his sweetness and serenity never abandoned him for an instant, and at last he experienced the great joy of seeing her who was the life of his heart take her seat, suffering and blind, by his bedside, which she did not quit, till, with the calmness of a sage and the resignation of a saint, he fell asleep, as he had said, "in the bosom of a great hope."

I shall never forget the sort of consternation, mingled with sorrow which this death caused. Everybody felt regret for so pure and excellent a man, but yet more of grief and pity for Mme. Recamier, whose loss was felt to be overwhelming and irreparable. I had happened to hear that M. Ampere, whom I knew to have been for some time suffering from the effects of his dangerous illness in Egypt, was going to recruit his shattered health in the Pyrenees. He was to accompany M. Cousin, and the day of their departure was fixed. Two or three days after the death of M. Bailleuche I went to the Abbaye aux Bois to inquire for Mme. Recamier.—M. Ampere, who had instantly taken, as far as it was possible, the place of his venerable and lamented friend, came out to speak to me. After talking of her and her unutterable loss, I said, "And you? You will be obliged to give up your journey?"—"Oh," said he, "je n'y pense pas plus." The demands and perils of his own health were utterly forgotten. M. Ampere has, I am sure, totally forgotten our conversation, but I do not forget the effect it produced on me.

I should gladly digress a little to quote the beautiful speech which M. de Tocqueville, in the name of the Academie, pronounced over the grave of M. Bailleuche; or the eloquent address to the departed of a fellow-townsmen, M. de la Prade.—A few words of the latter I cannot bear to omit.

There was in your mind, in its serenity, its charming simplicity, its tenderness, something more than is found in the wisest and the best. Your virtue was of a divine nature; it was at once a prolonged infancy, and an acquired wisdom. In you, learned old age had retained the purity and candor which in others does not outlive the infancy. Serene and radiant as your soul may now be in the mansions of peace, we can hardly conceive of it as more loving and more pure than we beheld it on this earth of impurity and strife.

Such was the friend who was taken from Mme. Recamier, when age and infirmity had made him most necessary to her. No wonder that she never recovered from the shock. The last interview I had with her has left on my mind a picture which no length of years will efface. The servant who came to the door told me he did not think Mme. Recamier could see me; she had one of her attacks in the throat, and had completely lost her voice—but he would inquire. I said, I did not expect to be received; I wanted to know how she was. He returned, saying Mme. Recamier wished to see me. It was early—before three—and she was alone. She was sitting with her hands folded on her lap, and her feet resting on the ledge of a low chair before her, in an attitude of uttermost tranquil memory. On that chair I seated myself, and, taking her hand, kissed it.—She attempted to speak, but could not. I entreated her not to try, and offered to go. She held my hand fast, and as often as I proposed to go, fearing to fatigue her, she pressed it; and so we sat; she, blind and speechless, I at her feet, hardly able to keep from tears, but saying, from time to time, something, which she answered by a pressure of the hand. While we were setting down, the door was thrown open, and with the usual announcement, "M. le Vicomte," M. de Chateaubriand was brought in, in his chair, and deposited by her side; and thus I left the illustrious couple, struck to the soul with this scene from the close of two of the most brilliant of lives. Here were grace and beauty, genius and fame, high birth and honors, all that men love, admire, or covet—and to what were they reduced? Of all that Heaven had so lavishly bestowed, what remained? What had the least value for them, save those humane and pious affections, which alone survive the loss of every external advantage?

M. Bailleuche died in June, 1847; M. de Chateaubriand in July, 1848; and the sweet woman who had been at once the object, and the bond of their friendship, on the 11th of May, 1849. The immediate cause of her death was cholera; but affliction, especially from the moment she perceived the injury done by time to the great faculties of M. de Chateaubriand, had already undermined her health, and opened the way to the destroyer. She died at the house of her beloved niece, rejoicing in the intervals of her terrible agonies, that she was permitted to die surrounded by her family.

There can hardly be a greater proof of the preoccupation of all minds in Paris, than the small attention this event excited; an event which (as a man distinguished in politics as well as in letters, and not one of her friends, remarked to me,) would, in less stormy times, have formed the sole subject of conversation. But the memory of this gracious woman will outlive those of a hundred noisy tribunes and ambitious schemers.

To be beloved (says Madame de Hautefeuille in her affectionate lament) was the history of Madame Recamier. Beloved by all in her youth, for astonishing beauty; beloved for her gentleness, her inexhaustible kindness, for the charm of a character which was reflected in her sweet face; beloved for the tender and sympathizing friendship which she awarded with an exquisite tact and discrimination of heart; beloved by young and old, small and great; by women, even women, so fastidious where other women are concerned—beloved always and by all from her cradle to her grave—such was the lot, such will be the renown, of this charming woman! What other glory is so enviable!

Mme. Recamier had a quality which, perhaps, more even than her winning kindness, attracted and attached men to her.—"Elle étoit le genre de la confiance," said one of the noblest and most eminent of her living countrymen. All who were admitted to her intimacy hastened to her with their joys and their sorrows, their projects and ideas; certain not only of secrecy and discretion, but of the warmest and readiest sympathy. If a man had the *chance* of a book, a speech, a picture, an enterprise in his head, it was to her that he unfolded his half-formed plan, sure of an attentive and sympathizing listener. This is one of the peculiar functions of women. It is incalculable what comfort and encouragement a kind and wise woman may give to timid merit, what support to uncertain virtue, what wings to noble aspirations.

I cannot conclude this long outpouring of recollections without some mention of another Frenchwoman, the sublime type of a wholly different nature, with whom Mme. Recamier was brought into contact near the close of her life. It was, I think, in the summer of 1845 that Mme. Recamier visited her niece, then staying at Bellevue, where M. Guizot's family had a house.—There she saw his most noble, venerable, and saintly mother, whose commanding intelligence, fervent piety, and devotion to her son and his family, evidently left a strong impression on her mind. She knew that I enjoyed the singular happiness (one of the greatest of my life) of frequent intercourse with a family, the least distinction of which was the station and power of it; and she never failed to ask me with peculiar interest for Madame Guizot. I never think of the meeting of these two remarkable women without intense interest. How different their youth! how widely severed their paths through life! With what feelings did the once adored beauty, the darling of society, contemplate the saintly and heroic widow who, at twenty-six, when the husband of her youth had fallen on the revolutionary scaffold, cut off her long and beautiful hair, and put on the small close cap which she never laid aside, sought refuge with her two boys in Geneva, and to the hour of her death, lived devoted to God and her children!

But the same path is not marked out for all. Mme. Recamier's was one of diffusive benevolence, and she walked in it faithfully to the end. She was not called to the exercise of maternal affections and maternal duties. The tenderness and heroism of her nature found a vent in universal kindness and devoted friendship.

It was at the same time and place that M. de Chateaubriand and Mme. Guizot met for the first and only time in their lives. He called upon the venerable lady, for whom he always afterwards expressed the greatest admiration and reverence. What a singular meeting! Like that of two minstership wrecked by the same storm, whom fate has led, after long wanderings, to the same resting-place.

From Burke's Christian Obituary.

Norwegian Song.

The stately pine of Norway,  
Tree of the mountain land,  
Firm rooted on the wind-swept height,  
How proudly does it stand!  
And the foaming torrents come,  
And the dim mists gather round the home  
Of Norway's stately pine—  
The tree that braves a thousand storms,  
Old Norway's stately pine!

We envy not the roses  
Of the climes where summer reigns,  
Nor the chestnut woods that greenly wave  
On the distant southern plains.  
We envy not the orange bowers,  
Nor the purple clustering vine;  
For the tree of the changeless leaf is ours,  
Old Norway's stately pine.  
The tree that braves a thousand storms,  
Old Norway's stately pine.

How many a strange wild legend  
Round the peasant's hearth is told,  
When all is bright and warm within,  
As the winds without are cold.  
And in the woodfire's cheerful rays  
Young eyes of gladness shine;  
What it feeds that evening blaze?  
'Tis Norway's stately pine.  
The tree that braves a thousand storms,  
Old Norway's stately pine.

Upon the wave-rocked ocean  
That girds our native shore,  
Boldly, in his adventurous toils,  
The fisher plies his oar.  
Wanderer, what is it for thee the bark,  
That bounding back of thine?  
'Tis the ancient tree of the forest dark,  
Old Norway's stately pine;  
The tree that braves a thousand storms,  
Old Norway's stately pine.

The winds make solemn music,  
Like the restless sea, when moon  
As they linger 'mid the leaves awhile,  
With a soft and trembling tone.  
With a spirit power that whispering sound  
Thrills through the heart's deep shrine,  
For we love old Norway's mountain ground,  
And we love her stately pine!  
The tree that braves a thousand storms,  
Old Norway's stately pine.  
A. L. W.  
Worcester, (Eng.)

Endurance of Calamity.

With a brave and strong heart should man go forth to battle with calamity. He shall not let it be his master, but rather shall he master it—yes, he shall be as an artificer, who taketh in his hand an instrument to work out some beautiful work.—When Sir Walter Raleigh took in his hand the axe, that was in a moment to deprive him of life, and felt its keen edge, he said, smiling, "this is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." Indeed the manner in which the brave English Nobleman and Clergy of the olden time, went to death, even when it was to appease the jealousy or wrath of unjust monarchs, is illustrative of the spirit I would recommend. Fortitude, manliness, cheerfulness, with

modesty and humility, dressed them, even on the scaffold, in robes of eternal honor. And surely he who takes an instrument in his hand, which is not to slay him, but with which he may work out the model and perfection of every virtue in him, should take it with resolution and courage; should say, "with this sore pain or bitter sorrow, is a good and noble work for me to do, and well and nobly will I strive to do it. I will not blench nor fly from what my Father above has appointed me. I will not down my senses and faculties with opiates to escape it. I will not forsake the post of trial and peril." Do you remember that noble boy who stood on the burning deck at the battle of Nile? Many voices around said, "come down!—come away!" But the confiding child said, "father, shall I come?" Alas! that father's voice was hushed in death; and his child kept his post till he sunk in the whelming flame. Oh! noble child! thou teachest us firmly to stand in our lot, till the great word of providence bids us fly, or bids us sink!

But while I speak thus, think me not insensible to the severity of man's sufferings. I know what human nerves and sinews and feelings are. When the sharp sword enters the very bosom, the iron enters the very soul—I see what must follow. I see the uplifted hands, the writhed brow, the written agony in the eye. But God's mercy, which "tempers the blast to the shorn lamb," does not suffer these to be the ordinary and permanent forms of affliction. No, thou sittest down in thy still chamber, and sad memories come there, or what be, strange trials gather under thy brooding thought. Thou art to die; or thy friend must die; or worse still, thy friend is faithless. Or thou sayest that coming life is dark and desolate. And now as thou sittest there, I will speak to thee; and I say—though sighs will burst from thy almost broken heart, yet when they come back in echoes from the silent walls, let them teach thee. Let them tell thee that God will not thy destruction, thy suffering for his own sake—wills thee not—cannot will thee any evil; how could that thought come from the bosom of infinite love! No, let thy sorrows tell thee, that God wills thy repentance, thy virtue, thy happiness, thy preparation for infinite happiness! Let that thought spread holy light through thy darkened chamber. That which is against thee, is not as that which is for thee. Calamity, a dark speck in thy sky, seemeth to be against thee; but God's goodness, the all-embracing light and power of the universe, forever lives, and shines around thee and for thee.

"Evil and good, before him stand  
Their mission to perform."  
The angel of gladness is there; but the angel of affliction is there too—and both alike for good. May the angel of gladness visit us as often as is good for us—I pray for it. But that angel of affliction! what shall we say to it? Shall we not say—"come thou too, when our Father willeth—come thou, when need is—with saddened brow and plying eye, come; and take us on thy wings, and bear us up to hope, to happiness, to heaven—to that presence where is fullness of joys—to that right hand, where are pleasures for evermore!"

There is one further thought which I must not fail to submit to you, on this subject, before I leave it. The greatness of our sufferings, points to a correspondent greatness in the end to be gained. When I see what men are suffering around me, I cannot help feeling that it was meant not only that they should be far better than they are, but far better than they often think of being. The end must rise higher and brighter before us, before we can look through this dark cloud of human calamity. The struggle, the wounds, the carnage and desolation of a battle, would overwhelm me with horror, if it were not fought for freedom, for the fire-side—to protect infancy from ruthless brutality, and the purity of our homes from brutal wrong. So is the battle of this life, a bewildering maze of misery and despair, till we see the high prize that is set before it. You would not send your son to travel through a barren and desolate wilderness, or to make a long and tedious voyage to an unhealthy climate, but for some great object; say, to make a fortune thereby. And any way, it seems to your parental affection, a strange and almost cruel proceeding. Nor would the merciful Father of life, have sent his earthly children to struggle through all the sorrows, the pains and perils of this world, but to attain to the grandeur of a moral fortune, worth all the strife and endurance. No, all this is not ordained in vain, nor in reckless indifference to what we suffer, but for an end, for a high end, for an end higher than we think for. Troubles, disappointments, afflictions, sorrows, press us on every side, that we may rise upward, upward, ever upward. And believe me, in thus rising upward, you shall find the very names that you give to calamity, gradually changing. Misery, strictly speaking and in its full meaning, does not belong to a good mind. Misery shall pass into suffering, and suffering into discipline, and discipline into virtue, and virtue into heaven. So let it pass with you. Bend now patiently and meekly, in that lowly "worship of sorrow," till in God's time, it become the worship of joy—in that world where there shall be no more sorrow nor pain nor crying—where all tears shall be wiped from your eyes—where beamings of heaven in your countenance, shall grow brighter by comparison with all the darkness of earth.—*Dewey.*

Have we a Father There?

"Clarinda—do you think we shall live again . . . after we are dead?"  
"I don't know," was the answer, in a low, mournful tone.  
"It seems," continued he, "as if I had been alive a very, very short time. I have lived . . . and done nothing else; and now I feel sorry to go into darkness and nothingness again. Do you think I shall?"  
"Then you think you shall die?" . . . said she, with her usual abruptness, but with a bitterness inexpressible in her accent.  
"I think I must," was the answer.  
And for all this reply, she retired to her station at the foot of the bed, shrank into a heap of garments, crouched down her head, and buried her face again between her arms, and under her hair. But this time she did not look through between those arms. This time, she hid the very light of day from her form, yet dry eyes.

There was a silence; and the boy breathed painfully. At last he said:  
"Our Father who art in heaven!"  
"Our Father?—a father—who art in heaven. Have we a father there, Clarinda? Is there some one in this wide, wide universe—this vast vault—this large vessel in which we are floating. Is there a Father in it, do you think, Clarinda?"  
She lifted up her face—shook her head sorrowfully, and said:  
"I don't know."

"Oh! if there were a father," said the boy, "How glad I should be to go to him!"  
"Go to him?" said she mournfully.  
"Ah, Clarinda! how glad we should be to go to him!"  
She nodded assent, and sank down into her former position.

"I think," said the boy, after another long pause, "if I were but glad to die, I find him—I should be very glad to die."  
"And I would be almost glad to die," she replied in a low voice, and her head sank down again; and hidden by the clothes, tears, still and silent as soft summer rain, literally poured from her eyes.

Another pause!  
"Clarinda, what are you thinking about all the time you are at church?"  
"I do not know," said she again, raising her head—"anything—nothing. I used to look about when I was a child; and I used myself as well as I could, and now I think about—that is all the difference."

"Well, that is just what I do. It is very strange that we have neither of us thought more about it. Do you ever say your prayers?" whispered he, mysteriously.  
"Some people do, every night and morning."

"I never was taught any prayers, except by my old Nurse, when I was a little thing—I used to say, 'Pray, God, bless Papa and Mamma, and make me a good girl.' I left it off when I left the nursery, and had no one to bid me kneel down.—Brother, if there be a God!"  
—"My children," said the old man, softly opening the door, "how are you both, and what was that you said last, my pretty lady, Clarinda? If I said best? To be sure there is. Have I not shown him to you in the flowers? My children, comfort your poor hearts.—There is a God—a father to the fatherless, a—"

"Then he shall be my God," faltered the boy.  
—"And will he raise the dead?"  
—"We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised; and this corruption shall put on incorruption; and this mortal immortality"—replied the old man—  
—"But wherefore, now, my children? Surely, this is not the first time you have asked of yourselves these things?"

"Nay," said the boy, "you know, sir, how it is with us. We are too poor, ignorant, ill-educated beings, wandering about on this earth—coming, we know not from whence—going, we know not whither.—We are two poor, desolate orphan children. We were content to wander together, but now we both believe that we must part. And she would know what will become of me when I am dead; and I would know what will become of her when, like a poor little withered leaf, she is left to be blown about the world. If there be a father to the fatherless, why have we never been told of him?"

"It would have been a great comfort," said the girl.  
—"I should have asked him a great many things, if I thought he would have heard me."  
—"Ask them, for he will hear you."  
—"And grant my prayers?" said she, doubtfully.  
—"Or do better," said the old man.  
"I understand you," said she, sinking down again.

"What I would ask is his life," repeated she to herself; "poor, unhappy boy and will he not be better with his Father? No, I will not ask that—but I will ask Him to pity me, when he takes him to himself, and to take the poor little Clarinda home too."  
The good and simple old man now resumed his favorite subject. He talked of creation, and its beauties, and its excellences, and long he pursued the lovely theme, consoling the hearts of these young inquiries; and then he fetched his little black Bible, and he read of life and immortality, and the touching words of the tender and plying Lord Jesus; and he laid these two trembling children at their Savior's feet.

Frederika Bremer.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Of herself, Frederika Bremer says: "If it should so happen that, as regards me, any one should wish to cast a kind glance behind the curtain which conceals a somewhat uneventful life, he may discover that I was born on the banks of the Aaro, a river which flows through Abo, and that several of the venerable and learned men of the university were even my god-fathers. At the age of three, I was removed, with my family, from my native country of Finland. Of this part of my life, I have only retained one single memory.—This memory is a word, a mighty name, which, in the depths of Paganism, was pronounced by the Finnish people with fear and love; and is still so pronounced in these days, although perfected by Christianity. I still fancy that I often hear this word spoken aloud over the trembling earth by the thunder of Thor, or by the gentle winds which bring to it refreshment and consolation. That word is, *Jumala*; the Finnish name for God, both in Pagan and Christian times.

"If any one kindly follows me from Finland into Sweden, where my father purchased an estate after he had sold his property in Finland, I would not trouble him to accompany me from childhood to youth, with the inward elementary chaos, and the outward, uninteresting, and commonplace picture of a family, which every autumn removed, in their covered carriage, from their estate in the country to their house in the capital; and every spring trundled back again from their house in the capital to their country seat; nor how there were young piano, sang ballads, read novels, drew in black chalk, and looked forward with longing glances to the future, when they hoped to see and do wonderful things. With humility, I must confess, I always regarded myself as a heroine."

Casting a glance into the family circle, it would be seen that they collected, in the evening, in the great drawing-room of their country house, and read aloud; that the works of the German poets were read, especially Schiller, whose Don Carlos made a profound impression upon the youthful mind of one of the daughters in particular. A deeper glance into her soul will show that a heavy reality of sorrow was spreading, by degrees, a dark cloud over the splendor of her youthful dreams. Like early pilgrim of life, and earnestly, but in vain, she endeavored to escape it. The air was dimmed as by a heavy fall of snow, darkness increased, and it became night, and she heard lamenting voices from the east, and from the west; from plant and animal; and she saw life, with all its beauty, its love, its throbbing heart, buried alive beneath a chill covering of ice. Heaven seemed dark

and void;—there seemed to be no more even as there was, and as there was, so, rather, all was nothing.  
There is a moment, there is a moment, when the beginning, there is a moment, when the divine principle, which is the source of all good, and from this union of the two, comes—of fire and water, I believe that something new is placed in every human being, a deeper life, and a more perfect life in her who writes.